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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

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A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume IX

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COVER: courtesy K. Ortloff, Germany

EDITORIAL

Homosexuals reading the "non-discrimination" clause in Government contracts, which sets the official key for employment policies throughout the nation, might wonder with some reason whether the term "sexual orientation" should not be added to those specifying "race, creed," etc., and thus become a part of those conditions which should have no relevance to employment opportunities for every American. Not only is sexual orientation *not* mentioned in this list, which applies to private employers operating under Government contracts and to civil service universally, but homosexuality is a specific and positive disqualification in most, if not all forms of Government employment, notably the Armed Services (see ONE, August, 1960). As for the large private employer, even though he may not, in his directives, explicitly list homosexuality as a disqualification, it is nevertheless kept in mind during the employment interview and in investigations of character and other references, as one among a number of causes which would render a person unsuitable for a job. Yet the homosexual, who has no choice in the matter comparable, for example, to his choice of a religious faith, is as much entitled to non-discriminatory treatment, to job opportunity, and to job security, as any other U. S. citizen, and it is among the aims of homophile organizations to call this to the attention of the general public.

Unfortunately, statistics about private employers' attitudes toward homosexuality among employees are even more scanty than statistics about homosexuals themselves, so that in this area it is impossible to do more than generalize from the experiences of a comparative few; yet most homosexuals support themselves, many through excellent jobs of long standing, and the issue of economic opportunity and economic security for the homosexual really resolves itself into two phases:

(1) the rejection of job-applicants because of homosexuality, and (2) loss of jobs due to homosexuality.

A person is hired by an employer for the sole purpose of performing certain activities within an organization, and homosexuality could never be a *legitimate* disqualification unless it could be directly related to incompetence in performing these activities. There are, naturally, certain characteristics of behavior and manner which would render an individual persona non grata in any organization. Thus, the chronic trouble-maker, the chronic drunk, the chronic shirker—all of these types find themselves losing jobs, and at length unable to get jobs at all. In the socio-sexual field, the person who cannot, to a considerable extent, manage to subordinate sex and sexual mannerisms to his job, will find himself in the same predicament. Thus, the “flaming faggot” and the “diesel dike” are in an unenviable position in relation to a great many types of employment—not because of homosexuality, but because of basic personality defects. Also, the disturbed homosexual may be seriously reduced in stability and in job efficiency, and unable to compete successfully in the employment market—but again not because of homosexuality, but because of his emotional problems and preoccupations.

It has never been demonstrated, and, in our opinion, it could never be demonstrated, that homosexuality as such bears any relation to incompetence in administrative, professional, technical, artistic, or other fields of employment—in fact, the homophile temperament may be especially suited to certain of these fields. Also, it does not require any serious inhibition, even in our time, to be a homosexual without becoming notorious as such, and without having it interfere in any way with rewarding social and business relationships.

Since homosexual behavior is illegal in all States, and considered immoral by an indeterminate number of persons, it is easy to understand our Government's official policy on the subject. Yet to class the homosexual as, for example, a “security risk” sounds rather specious in view of the number of agents who have been fleeced of State secrets by members of the opposite sex. So long as sex remains a tool of espionage, then the only impregnable intelligence or security agents would be eunuchs—a principle well-understood and utilized by certain governments in the past, but one which, it is to be hoped, will not be resurrected in the present, least of all in the U.S.A.

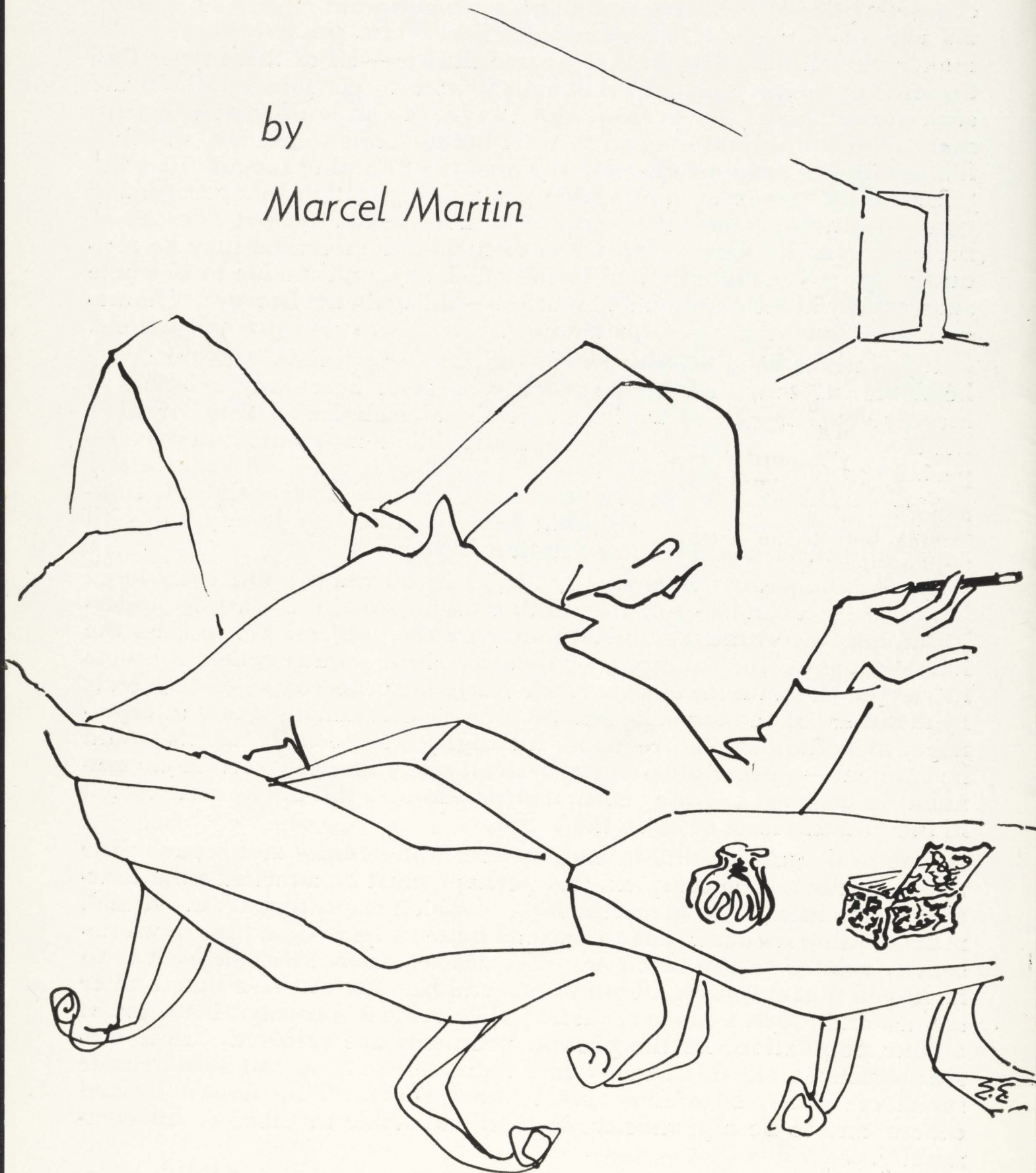
The problems relating to employment opportunity and security for the homosexual are complex, and perhaps must be attacked simultaneously from many fronts, not the least of which is our own front—which means aiding homosexuals to become better adjusted and more wholesomely related to the sum-total of social activities. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that employers, both public and private, will re-estimate their stands, and reach a more realistic policy toward a substantial segment of our population. As the present problems are resolved, the homosexual will be aided, not only into better citizenship but into greater social creativity, becoming able to be himself, to be honest toward others, and to be a productive, active, and stable member of his community.

Robert Gregory, *Managing Editor*

The Homosexual Stereotype

by

Marcel Martin



It was, to be sure, a coincidence, but in the July issue of ONE, Miss Ann Bannon, in her article on the gay novel made several references to the stereotyped homosexual as he is apt to appear in fiction, and in this same issue Edouard Marques, in his review of the book, *The Sixth Man*, while he did not use the word "stereotype", tellingly demonstrated how "stereotypes" are created and pointed out Mr. Stearns' own contribution to that of the homosexual.

These two articles set me to wondering about the mental picture which the ordinary heterosexual man must have of his gay brother and to thinking about the genesis of stereotypes.

The stereotype is a psychological weapon of the majority against any minority it dislikes or fears. In this respect the homosexual certainly is not alone. In any community in which there is any minority group there is apt to be a stereotyped concept of that minority which is bandied about, serving both as an excuse for loose thinking and encouragement for still greater prejudices. The minority group may be racial, social or economic. Man fears what he does not know or understand but tries to reassure himself by creating tags and labels and names which he hopes will hide the fact that he does not understand and which, if they are sufficiently derogatory, which is usually the case, will excuse him from making any effort to understand and which will help to reassure him that he is eminently superior to the individual or group he belittles. Individuals cease to matter; the stereotype becomes the enemy and can be hated and persecuted with impunity and without incurring any sense of guilt. This does not mean that individuals do not then suffer, for of course they do, but the individual, regardless of his personal virtues is persecuted for the composite sins of his kind. No figure in world history demonstrates

the truth of this statement more clearly than does the Jew.

We are all familiar with the homosexual stereotype. He is a rather grotesque figure, a caricature of woman at her best and man at his worst. Physically he is, first of all, effeminate, tall, willowy; his hair is blonde and wavy, more than likely marcelled; his eyelashes are long and his eyebrows either plucked or accentuated with make-up; he has a soft pinkish complexion. One hand is always on a hip, the other dangles loosely from the wrist of an upheld arm. He walks with short mincing steps; he talks with a reedish voice in high pitched tones and, usually, with something resembling a lisp. His clothes are stylish, though gaudy (he has a passion for pink shirts, red ties and mauve undershorts), and much too tight. He sells ribbons in department stores, but may rise to heights of an assistant floor walker; he also waves women's hair and decorates other people's houses. In character, he is mean, cruel, vicious, given to petty jealousies and has a passion for intrigue; he is a gossip and untruthful; if he is not basically dishonest he is, at least, untrustworthy, undependable and unreliable. He is emotionally unstable, incapable of deep or lasting relationships, and has both deep seated guilt and persecution complexes. He is basically without character, unable to withstand any kind of pressure and consequently easy prey for blackmailers. He is unhappy. He is a security risk. When it comes to sex he is, ipso facto, depraved, promiscuous, lecherous, insatiable, and the sworn seducer of all normal men and little boys. Unlike the normal heterosexual male who meets, works, and plays with scores of women or girls every day without being a threat to their sexual integrity, the homosexual cannot have any contact with other males without being irresistibly impelled to seduce

them.

The homosexual is lonely and constantly searching for someone, and, unlike heterosexuals who never visit bars or stroll through public parks in search of a bed partner, a love object, or plain companionship, he spends every waking moment in bars, parks, latrines, bus stations seeking others like himself. He possesses an uncanny sixth sense which enables him to distinguish instantly others like himself yet he is constantly making passes at innocent males and being either soundly trounced or arrested for his lack of perspicacity.

But enough of this. Anyone can round out the picture for himself. The insidious part of this lovely picture is that it is all true! Homosexuals en masse are all of these things. So are all men! Yes, it is true—in the same way that the following is true: man has murdered, therefore men are murderers; man has stolen, therefore men are thieves; men have failed to keep their word, therefore men are untrustworthy; men have been unfaithful to their wives, therefore men are adulterers; men have had sexual relations with other men, therefore man is homosexual, men are homosexual, mankind is homosexual. But, alas, man never creates a stereotype in which he himself might be included.

Having said that the stereotype is "true," I hasten to add that it is, at least as I have written it, completely false for this reason—there is not one detail, not one characteristic in all this which makes a man a homosexual, nor need one single homosexual be any of these things. There is only one thing which makes a man a homosexual and there is only one thing which all homosexuals have in common and which distinguishes them from their equally imperfect heterosexual brothers and that is, of course, that they have a sexual preference for other males. Is this so different really from the fact that some

men prefer blondes?

But, as I said above, the stereotype serves as an excuse for not thinking and since the stereotype is indeed with us it does a great deal of damage. It is the stereotype which is in the mind of our legislators when they pass our laws, in the minds of our ministers when they denounce us from the pulpit, in the minds of our police officials when they decide to stamp out vice, and in the minds of the public when they are told that homosexuals are at large within their city. As I read *The Sixth Man* I could not help remarking how many times, over and over, Mr. Stearns introduced his subjects by saying: "Mr. A, who did not look at all like a homosexual, met me—" What Mr. Stearns was saying, or, if he were being honest, should have said, was: "Mr. A did not conform to *my* preconceived ideas of what a homosexual should look like." One might think that by the end of his researches or after writing this enough times he might have realized this himself but instead, as Mr. Marques, in his review, so aptly pointed out, he served only to underline and reinforce existing misinformation.

There is no doubt that our "stereotype" hurts; thousands of us suffer from its injustices every day. There is no doubt that many of us pay—not for what we actually are—but for what our fellows think we are.

There is, however, as there usually is, another side and a brighter side of the coin, and man or society, as they often are, are hoist on their own petard. For is it not this very stereotype, unfair, unjust, and inaccurate as it is, which makes it so easy for those millions of us who are not bold enough or free enough to declare ourselves for what we are, to continue to live and work side by side, undetected, and unsuspected by our fellow men, some of them despicable in themselves, who boast that "they can pick out a queer a mile off?"

STRANGER IN A NEW PALE GREEN

Once in the meadow of ignorance,
Thick with lush grass,
I could lie down and draw it over me
Without feeling carpeted by guilt.
Then they kept insisting I must have knowledge,
So that I might know my guilt.
I was sent into the meadow to labor,
Dig out the grass and plant their seeds;
It is no longer my meadow,
I am a stranger in a new pale green.

J. Lorna Strayer

PHILOSOPHIA

by

Thomas L. Waugh

Hollywood.

Not Hollywood but Hollywood U.S.A.

Hollywood U.S.A.

Is stark at night and dark at night. Stark dark Hollywood U.S.A.

And being gay here is a problem here a problem that it is no where else although it may also be stark and dark. Stark dark gaiety and being gay and living gay and gay. But not here in Hollywood U.S.A.

Why. Because.

There are too many almost too much who come here. Babes in the woods they would say but at least innocent and sincere and kind and gentle and loving and living. And soon. They realize that no this is nowhere because why because I have no money and no food and it is nowhere. And so so so they make money so so so. And they walk selma or hollywood or cahuenga or wilcox and they do. Or are done. But mostly are done because here is another problem with being gay here in Hollywood U.S.A.

The world here the gay world is divided in two into two. Segments. Active and passive the psychologists say. But male and female more discerning say. He and she the common people say. But what they mean is doing or being done. And this is it simply. Do. Or. Be done.

And this is not really gay or love or living or anything because as a matter of fact the world even the gay world does not happen to be so divided. And that is not all. It shouldn't be because there are those who don't fit and what must they do nothing. They can do nothing because love is more important to them. Although sex is too. But not so. Important.

And that is where the viciousness of Hollywood U.S.A. comes in enters the picture with loud whirring sounds sounds of doing or being done.

And walking into bars one must be careful.

And living in the bars one must be careful.

Because why because playing in the bars can be dangerous and being played with one is stripped of respectability of self one is. When these ones the hard ones hardened in Hollywood U.S.A. start with their playing and play it is dangerous. To those who are not yet hardened. So must be careful they.

And this goes on occurs continues to happen in all bars in all strata the bar strata here. There are those looking and there are those looking to be looked for and there are those simply being looked at. But. They are there all there everywhere because they must be there. And here.

And what is the cause of it all the cause is obvious trite and truistic which may or may not modify a truism but is. The cause of it all is loneliness the most terrible thing that anyone everyone one can suffer and it is more than suffering it is a peculiar sort of martyrdom. To life. Because everyone says he needs. Someone. And here in Hollywood U.S.A. everyone finds someone but only for a short time and that is worse. Because it was once said that you not really you but anyone can only be alone only lonely after you anyone has first been together. And this is the particular viciousness of Hollywood U.S.A. is that it gives us gay us togetherness and then takes it away. And there we are left. Bereft.

So. But. The sickest part of this is that one does adopt a certain philosophy toward this facet one does. One says he doesn't care and really tries not to. He tries to live with his loneliness which trying is a perversion a real perversion. Yes it is because it makes us half-men not men in the sense of male but men in the sense of being human. Half only is what we are if we don't care about love true love. Because it may be money that first posits our existence and money which continues it but it is love that gives this very existence value. For without love we are nothing we have no reason to get up in the morning or have a cup of coffee or go to work or work or get off work or have a martini before dinner or have dinner or go to bed. Nothing and nowhere.

But. Says they. Is not this true of other places too such as New York U.S.A. and Chicago U.S.A. and maybe even San Francisco U.S.A. No. It is not except in one small way. And that one small way is that those others all those others are only proving grounds because everyone anyone wants to come to Hollywood U.S.A. And does.

And coming here with a dream he is of money fame love or what have you.

And having that dream shot in the ass almost immediately.

And trying to re-build his life without his dream.

And not being able to.

But trying and trying to fill the lull void lacunae with other things such as sex. Selling and buying. And doing or being done. And doing it and becoming other than he was without a dream.

Parasitic some would say but saying this with prejudice because one must first prove to oneself that parasites are parasitic. They may not be you see because not all are. Only. Sometimes it is life and its circumstances which do it to them. Because you see in reality you see it is them themselves who are being done by existence.

And you must preserve. And persevere.

Like for example when the American Legion was in town and it was a madhouse and ever so interesting for the hard ones. Because of new materiel which there is all the time but not in such abundance and or concentration. And just wait until the Democratic Convention another time and times and all over again it will be the same.

And so they say. Something must be done. To protect the naive and innocent and sincere and kind and good. So leave it to the vice squad they say and so. But that is no solution because that is precisely the problem. The vice squad is the squad of vice. To deal with. No solution.

The grotesque twisted evil is alive here. And it squirms and wriggles and crawls and slips all over you not really you but all of us. And it lives. Which is

a pity but the only thing you can say about it is that is that it is a pity.

But probably and possibly the most interesting thing for anyone interested in interesting people is to watch the metamorphoses. This also is dangerous and sad and hurting sometimes to watch but also interesting to the interested. As most of the gay real gay ones are.

See how you are they say. See how you are but they forget that that has already been said already. Been done to death as they say. Because years ago Freud already said it he said to humanity see how you are. And we did but it didn't do any good. And what will do any good who knows. Certainly not the vice squad.

And one can only say what Anomaly said in his book and again in the revised edition with sequel. Two things he said will save you and you and me: discretion and restraint discretion or restraint discretion restraint.

But even that may not do it if it doesn't do it. No even that not.

So there would be nothing else to do it except to live and love and not become half a man. But look for love not really love but someone to love because when you look for love you are looking falsely and are open to viciousness and the squirming evil that lives. No don't look for love but for someone to love.

Or. If all else fails and it might just. There is really only one else thing to do.

Leave Hollywood U.S.A.

Go to Hollywood Florida.

And be gay.



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What can we do to put real meaning in the finding of jobs and rehabilitation of sex offenders and veterans with less than honorable discharges?

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tangents

news & views

by harry otis

BEHAVIORISM IN SOUTH AFRICA

John Watson, the founder of the American system of psychology-behaviorism, recognized only one method of study, observation. He argued that the task of psychology was to predict and control human behavior: a formidable one today, he would discover, were he confronted with the police situation in Cape Town and Johannesburg, South Africa.

Viewing the records of these supposed guardians of the law, we find among them several ex-convicts who have served time for assaulting boys and men. Besides defying the moral code they have stolen, driven while drunk, blackmailed men, and used cars without the owners' permission.

A Cape Town news correspondent cited the case of an eighteen-year-old constable recruited into the force at sixteen and a half. He spent six months in prison for blackmailing a business man. At an inquiry in the senate, a senator asked the Minister of Justice why the youth was retained on the police force. The Min-

ister replied: "This is his first and only offense, for which he has been sufficiently punished. He is otherwise rendering efficient service."

The senator inquired about another constable, twenty-three, convicted in Cape Town on a morals charge involving a colored prisoner. The Minister's answer was, "He is young and inexperienced and, apart from this conviction, for which he has been punished, he has rendered satisfactory service and has a good record."

A young police lieutenant with a record of five assault convictions, and two under the Immorality Act, returned to the police force following his release from prison.

The senator, commenting on replies by the Minister of Justice, said in an interview, "I was amazed to hear the Minister's reason for retaining some constables on the force. It is significant that these men, still in their twenties, are personable and of fine physiques."

Another official, shocked and disappointed at the so-called Minister of Justice and "his cold Ministerial

facts" deplored the sadistic beatings administered by officials on boys and also men. These thrashings done with canes have often inflicted severe wounds that required medical attention.

The **Transvaaler** published an account of severe beatings given three Dutch boys in punishment for their childish interest in each other's privates.

Mystery surrounds the case of a Portuguese journalist imprisoned in Mozambique for publishing a pamphlet calling for a boycott of the inaugural visit of an official violently anti-Portuguese. Secret information smuggled into Johannesburg revealed that the journalist had confessed to the crime of importuning a male government official. Sources in close contact with the correspondent say that the police tortured him to obtain a fake confession. The pressman was secretly banished to Portugal.

TRANSVAAL TRANSVESTISM

Five years ago a police officer's son became a girl and took the name of Bambi. Letters from other youths anxious to change their sex flooded the newspapers. A youth from Pretoria wrote, "Since early childhood I have had feminine tendencies. When I was a child many people mistook me for a girl. My greatest moment of achievement was when I took first prize for the best girl in my age group in a fancy dress competition—until they discovered their mistake.

"I have often dressed as a woman, in a wig, and have gone to film shows and for walks in the street, and have often provoked wolf-whistles from the boys. The only thing that stops me from undergoing the necessary operation is lack of money, although I hope to have enough in about five years.

"I am sure that this letter will be an encouragement to all those in my predicament to know that they are not alone in their troubles."

THE MICE WILL PLAY

Near the center of Johannesburg is a gambling district known as the Rats and Mice area: four blocks of dens devoted to chemin-de-fer, faro, dice, rummy and poker—the stakes often startling. All operate behind the facades of clubs and cafes, also in luxurious flats. Many are patronized by wealthy and commercial men. Many of these men have been ruined or put heavily in debt, insolvencies have been frequent, homes broken up, and suicides have occurred.

Behind the scene a sinister figure named Sydney Blackmoor directs every operation. Legend has him convicted by public opinion on the charge of deserting his wife and family for a handsome young man: his punishment—loss of business, social ostracism then poverty. One night he gambled his last lb. in a crap game and won. Within a year a syndicate under his strong-arm direction controlled the gambling in every large South African city—the one in Johannesburg being the largest and most successful. He personally trains his lieutenants. They must be young, handsome and personable. The games they arrange are known as caravans because they are never held on the same premises twice in succession.

Tenants of the premises used for the games receive as much as one hundred pounds a night. If a raid occurs Blackmoor pays the fines. Raids, however, are usually unsuccessful. Blackmoor's lieutenants have ways with police officials. Immensely wealthy, Blackmoor lives in an unpretentious home with his latest lieutenant.

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Prelude to . . .

Jacqueline Lawson



Amanda stepped daintily across the brook, her fingers lightly touching Seely's outstretched hand.

"How pretty," Seely thought, her mind filled with Amanda's fragile beauty. She had on a lemon-colored dress that made her black hair shine with dancing lights. The sun darkened and brightened through the leaves, playing around that lovely head.

Amanda drew her hand away and Seely leaped across the brook.

"Where shall we go?" Amanda breathed in her soft little girl's voice.

"Oh, anywhere," Seely answered. "I just love to walk in the woods, don't you?" She cut an exuberant caper in the old leaves, throwing up dust that floated in a cloud around her.

"You'll get all dirty," Amanda protested faintly, drawing back a little.

Seely looked scornful. "What difference does that make?" She looked down

at her old blue jeans. "They're always messy anyway. Don't worry about them. C'mon, let's walk."

"Isn't it nice it's the last day of school?" Amanda began walking again, her small feet making no sound on the path. "How did you get to my house so fast?"

Seely had sped home from school to get out of her hateful skirt and had run all the way to Amanda's house, waiting outside until she had stopped puffing like a steam engine. But she wasn't going to tell Amanda *that*.

"I didn't go fast, you just walked slow," she said, remembering the boys that always buzzed around Amanda when she was homeward bound from school. And every other time too, it seemed.

Amanda's eyes lowered demurely but she didn't answer. She just walked quietly on through the woods next to Seely.

"I brought some lemonade and cookies. See?" Seely held out the grubby bag she was carrying. "We can stop somewhere and have a feast."

"That'll be nice," Amanda answered sweetly, dimpling up at Seely.

They walked in silence a little while, Seely watching, out of the corner of her eye, the yellow dress swinging. So pretty.

"Hi!" Seely looked up quickly and got an awful shock. She was staring straight into the startled eyes of one of the most obnoxious boys in school.

"Kendall!"

"Kendall!" Amanda said, obviously delighted to see him.

Seely's afternoon was shattered. This—! He stood so proud and was so good looking. Conceited thing.

He smiled at both of them. "Gee, I didn't think anybody was out here. Where ya going?"

"No place," Seely said truculently.

"We're just walking," Amanda explained. "Come with us."

Seely kicked a stone viciously and it skidded hard against a fallen tree trunk.

"Boy, that could hurt somebody. You better watch out." Kendall said it pleasantly enough, but it was all Seely needed. Stupid busybody!

"Oh, whadda you know about anything?" She scowled and clenched her fists.

"Wha—?" Kendall looked at her, puzzled.

"Can't we walk in the woods without everybody comin' too? It makes me sick." She stood glaring at the flabbergasted Kendall.

Amanda looked from one to the other. "Seely! What's the matter with you? Come on Kendall, let's walk. She'll have to come too." Amanda started down the path again.

Seely turned on them. "I don't *hafta* do anything!" Her eyes brimming with misery, she whirled abruptly away from them. Raising the bag with their 'feast' in it, she threw it with all her might. It hit a rock and they heard the sharp splintering of smashing glass.

"Seely!" The two voices rang out into the woods. But Seely was running—from the broken afternoon, from her spinning thoughts, from—, she knew not what.

"Seely!" Amanda called after the fleeing figure but it didn't stop.

Kendall took her hand. "Don't bother about her."

"But what's wrong?" Amanda's eyes were faintly clouded. "She's so funny."

"I know it. Don't pay any attention to her. Come walk with me." They went on down the path together.

The slanting sun picked brilliant lights from the glass splinters scattered beneath the rock.

Love Song

His body was near me,
Blanketing me in its warmth.
"Are you there?" he asked,
And I answered "Yes."
In the darkness his hand
Reached out, touching mine,
And they clasped.
"I thought you'd gone," he said;
And I said nothing, but
Lay, and held my breath,
And wondered who he was.

Victor J. Banis

Letter to a G.I.

Dear Dave:

This is in memory of an anniversary—the anniversary of October 27th, 1943, when I first heard you singing in North Africa. That song brings memories of the happiest times I've ever known. Memories of a GI show troop—curtains made from barrage balloons—spotlights made from cocoa cans—rehearsals that ran late into the evenings—and a handsome boy with a wonderful tenor voice. Opening night at a theater in Canastel—perhaps a bit too much muscatel, and someone who understood. Exciting days playing in the beautiful and stately Municipal Opera House in Oran—a misunderstanding—an understanding in the wings just before opening chorus.

Drinks at "Coq d'or"—dinner at the "Auberge"—a ring and promise given. The show for 1st Armoured—muscatel, scotch, wine—someone who had to be carried from the truck and put to bed in his tent. A night of pouring rain and two very soaked GIs beneath a solitary tree on an African plain. A borrowed French convertible—a warm sulphur spring, the cool Mediterranean, and a picnic of "rations" and hot cokes. Two lieutenants who were smart enough to know the score, but not smart enough to realize that we wanted to be alone. A screw-ball piano player—competition—miserable days and lonely nights. The cold, windy night we crawled through the window of a GI theater and fell asleep on a cot backstage, locked in each other's arms—the shock when we awoke and realized that miraculously we hadn't been discovered. A fast drive to a cliff above the sea—pictures taken, and a stop amid the purple grapes and cool leaves of a vineyard.

The happiness when told we were going home—and the misery when we learned that we would not be going together. Fond goodbyes on a secluded beach beneath the star-studded velvet of an African night, and the tears that would not be stopped as I stood atop the sea-wall and watched your convoy disappear over the horizon.

We vowed we'd be together again "back home," but fate knew better—you never got there. And so, Dave, I hope that where ever you are these memories are as precious to you as they are to me.

Goodnight, sleep well my love.

Brian Keith

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



A New Contender

There has just reached us the first number of a new periodical from England, *Man and Society*, Vol. I, No. 1, Spring, 1961, published twice yearly at 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. I., subscription abroad: One Dollar. The publication is sponsored by the Albany Trust, an organization designed to "promote psychological welfare in man." The Trustees hold that society's senseless coercion of its members is a major cause of maladjustment. Society is not sacred; it was made by man and consists of man. Thus it should be subject to change when it ceases to serve man. Like the United States, England aims at democracy and rejects autocratic and theocratic forms of government. The maximum of toleration and individual liberty are regarded as the highest ends. Protection for minorities is as important as expression for majorities. It is with these ideals in mind that the magazine has been founded and it will deal with a variety of problems related to "man and society," but each number will contain at least two articles on homosexuality since other journals of social import scarcely do the subject justice.

The first number, however, is given over wholly to the subject of homosexuality because of the failure of Parliament to grant homosexual law reform in spite of the fact that the Wolfenden Report clarified the whole

subject and left little to be desired in either background information or suggested reform. The Homosexual Law Reform Society has collaborated in the issue of this number. Practically the entire number beyond the editorials is taken up with an "abbreviated version of the Debate in the House of Commons on June 29, 1960." In addition, however, several articles present the Psychiatric Viewpoint, Law and Morality, Research, etc., and the number concludes with a book review: *Life, Death, and the Law*, by Norman St. John-Stevan, and a strong advertising type plea for legal reform.

At first sight one might say that there is little that is new in the discussion and the Wolfenden Report has been summarized and discussed at such great length that there is very little left to say. Such a comment, however, overlooks the fact that no sound and progressive theory is outmoded until it is generally accepted and acted upon. The audience for this discussion is not the sophisticates and well-informed, but rather the general public which is probably not as familiar with the Wolfenden Report as one might expect. While the argument has no rational appeal to us, many members of Parliament were moved apparently by the statement that people in general were not ready for the reform and needed further education in the subject. Thus it is inevitable that basic and rational con-

clusions in the field be repeated and re-emphasized until the inert masses of society are moved to action even at the expense of boring the well-informed and advanced thinkers with what seem to them clichés and platitudes. (*Man and Society* has not reached this point as yet.) I think all who are interested in legal reform and rational attitudes in the field of sex and other social topics, should welcome every new contender for constructive action.

Thomas M. Merritt

A NEARNESS OF EVIL by Carley Mills, Coward McCann, New York, 1961, \$3.95, 255 pp.

Involved, as it is, with such elemental human passions as love, fear, hate, joy, pride, vanity, plus a deceit that borders on the colossal, and high stakes, and serious risks, the subject of homosexuality is worthy of any great writer. Indeed, so fascinating is the subject that it would seem difficult to make it lifeless. Yet that is exactly what Mr. Mills has managed to do and what most writers of homosexual books manage to do.

All the ingredients in these novels seem to be there, but somehow nothing adds up—nothing happens or seems real. We who live the life know that it is very real and earnest, but we don't see it in the pages of the fiction we read. Too seldom do we get a Compton Mackenzie, a Djuna Barnes, or an Angus Wilson, or, I might add, a Mary Renault who is able to write a simple, honest, straightforward, unexaggerated story about homosexual life.

Mr. Mills has attempted the usual portrait of that particular type of homosexual who nobody really likes but everyone knows because he is rich and spoiled and terribly generous with his hospitality (he cannot bear to be without company) and who is, for this

reason alone, continually surrounded by interesting people.

Bobby Rindshauer grows up in a very correct German-Jewish community in New Jersey at the turn of the century. He is the son of parents who are wealthy but not wholly accepted by the other residents of Long Branch because of Mrs. Rindshauer's background. Shunned by most of the children his own age, Bobby grows up to hate his own people, and after his father's death, changes his name to Randall. His sexual proclivities by this time have long since become well known and of particular concern to his mother.

On the advice of a close friend of his father's, he is persuaded to marry, for the sake of propriety, an attractive young lady who knows the score. They have a daughter. Bobby soon becomes bored with marriage and New York and flees to the Riviera where Diane is raised amidst her father's fantastic excesses and debaucheries. Small wonder then that when they have to return to New York because of the War, Bobby should find that his daughter can compete with him at his own game. A grim struggle and hatred develops between Bobby and Diane over the love of a young, handsome man that Bobby picks up for his own. The triangle becomes unbearable and finally hits the front pages in a sordid and brutal murder. The resulting trial brings the novel to an end and in it is some surprising testimony. All this is seen through the eyes of the Rindshauer family's attorney and advisor who is Bobby's age and his only friend, and, strangely enough, the most unsympathetic character in the book.

Throughout, the author has indulged himself in distention and exaggeration. For all of the action and excess of living, one still comes away unimpressed and with many doubts about it all.

D. S.

QUEER TRIANGLE by Wallace Hearn, Vantage Press, 1961, \$2.50, 84 pp.

This first novel by Wallace Hearn is slightly misnamed; it should have been entitled "Queer Book," and the queer thing about the book is that it ever got published at all. The plot of this tiny book is an abysmal miasma, loosely held together by some downright unbelievably stilted dialogue spouted by some lifeless, drab characters inspiringly named Bill, Bob, Marty and Lucky.

The book purports to "shed dra-

matic light on that baffling human being—the male homosexual," but if you can imagine a plot not far removed from *Gone With the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse* in its complexity and multiplicity of incidents related in eighty-four pages you can accurately estimate the psychological penetration which Mr. Hearn brings to his characters, and, evaluate his contribution to an understanding of homosexuality.

Any further attempt to capsule this wretched little book would be as wasted as was the time spent in reading it.

Edouard Marques

BOOK SERVICE

A NEARNESS OF EVIL, Carley Mills\$ 3.95

A first novel, just out, about fashionable turn-of-the century German-Jewish society in New Jersey. Bobby Randall (né Rindshauer) early exhausts all the simple pleasures of his mother's wealth and turns to explore the excitements of homosexual love. During the Roaring Twenties Bobby emigrates to the Riviera, where he holds forth with true Roman profligacy—free from the restraints of his mother as well as puritan American society. Carley Mills provides a sordid portrait of the aging Bobby as a decaying Auntie who makes the front pages in a sensational climax.

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ONE, Incorporated, 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

In the Darkness a Strange Angel

by

Manxman Andrews

We were two quiet boys living in the city in the summer of the Korean war, when John suddenly grew a moustache and left me with the kitty cat, while he went on the road. He went with his moustache to demonstrate new hairstyles in Thelma Gray beauty shops and they were both very famous, he and his moustache. I have never liked moustaches. I stayed home and was infamous.

Not at first, but I was lonely. John had this good job, but it was just an excuse for going to the bars of the nation. He was suddenly mad about bars.

I felt left alone forever. He had finished school, got a job, and left me.

When we had our talk, I left everything in his hands. That made him start thinking and talking, and I almost had him back.

Our drinks made rings on the furniture—I fashionably mixed martinis without vermouth, desiring to be sinful with him, but he did not want to be sinful—and the nightgowned landlady knocked on the door.

She wanted to complain of the loud talk and music, and I watched the heavy sock on John's left foot and wanted to kiss it, his foot. That was the first time he left me and the last time I wanted to kiss his foot.

It was a dark time for me after that. I would not answer the telephone. I did not want to know if he called.

With all his new cities and bars and parks where he would be a new face and the center of attraction, a celebrity, I do not think he would have called me anyway. He did not leave immediately. He helped me move.

I took Sandra the cat with me and moved to a small walk-up flat just by the park. John helped me by carrying one lamp and two half-empty bottles of whiskey. We finished them both, and the lamps. We drank and argued about bars and parks. That was the last time we really argued. Sometimes we say hello when we meet.

It was a hot summer and the police had been raiding. Perhaps they were unhappy over receipts. The politicians were shouting, as at any election, and I felt persecuted. Perhaps that is what really caused the trouble. Standing alone in tight pants, which never fit me, under dim lights and watching others made me frightfully uncomfortable; whereas, John would stand about talking to groups very loudly. I think we were both very lonely. We never had friends over for tea.

That is why he went on the road. He wanted to be lonely in bars. When he drove off in our car, I could not remember what he looked like.

John took the car and I took Sandra and the furniture for the flat. My flat was so small that when Sandra used her litter pan I had to open the windows.

It was better to take her out, and I often did, and we met a boy in the park and some old people, while walking. Sandra was a modest cat and had a lovely smile. In the park everyone had to be a block away when she was washing and even that worried her. But she had the loveliest smile and I walked her with a velvet harness and a leash.

Before he went, John, who was tall and had curly hair and a long delicate nose, stroked his moustache and caressed Sandra.

"You are a kitty-cat doll," he said.

Sandra did not like him. When he went out the door for good, she sat and smiled and smiled.

The boy I saw in the park was short. He looked innocent and had no moustache. Sandra liked him.

She had a way of closing her eyes as if adoring the Christ and purring all over. She smiled as the boy walked by and the boy said, "Hello."

Standing up, Sandra walked toward the boy as if she loved him. And he walked on by.

He wore a white shirt that was tight around his arms and showed his muscles and his chest, and his blue jeans were faded and seemed to mold about him as he walked, the insides of his thighs rubbing slightly. I had no chance to say hello to him.

Trailing a remembrance of healthy boyishness after him, he sped away down the walk. Sandra and I watched him, and then she began washing herself. I continued to watch. I could not understand why he was so energetic, as if racing something unseen.

His legs and behind were well-shaped and muscular, the whiteness of the jeans attracting one's attention there, as the whiteness on a deer's behind draws the hunter's attention in the dusk of the wilderness at sunset when he has disturbed nature. The back of the boy's head seemed intelligent.

I decided to make his acquaintance and went back up to make supper.

The next day Sandra and I waited a long time in the park. I think she picked up a flea.

As the sun went down over the ragged green trees and cast lights in the windows and shadows in the park where the children had stopped playing, Sandra began to wash as if for a visitor, and the boy walked by leaving a small rush of air and an ambience of desire I could not exactly define. I thought I would like to have him visit in the flat, and I imagined him in it with me.

It was delightful. I had a small sofa-bed, cozy for tea for two or more and an arabic tea table with a bronze tray surface. The boy was muscular with a suntan and sun-golden hair and he would look good there on the sofa-bed sitting and looking at me with those eyes I had never quite caught in a glance.

Sandra, of a gold and brown color, seemed very nice and somehow quite chic

on the gold and brown textured rug in front of the tea table and so would he. I decided to have him up for cocktails, if I could only catch him. Would he be willing to come up for cocktails?

But I was never speedy enough for him to hear me and he never slowed down until he was well ahead of me on the walk. I wondered what he must think of me and if he went by everybody in such a great hurry. His walks must have been very tiring.

We waited often on the warm sidewalk while night fell and Sandra finished washing and looking. I did not want to appear anxious.

While we were waiting and washing an old couple came up and talked to Sandra. They enjoyed talking to cats. I told them she was a rare Abyssinian and that she flew but now was tired. Also she smiled.

The old man who had teeth and a shapeless body smiled as if he also were good at smiling and the old lady rustled the skirt of her dress and said, "Kitty, kitty." She was terribly overdressed.

When they came around the next evening, not wanting to appear idiotic, I talked and made Sandra smile for them. She had learned it as a command. So had the old man.

I said, "Sandra, smile," and she smiled until the old lady touched her. The old man was retired from the fight business. He wanted to live a peaceful life and they loved children and animals and sat near sandboxes to see the children and walked about in the grass to watch the people with animals. He was always smiling.

I did not particularly like them. I did not want to be watched with Sandra.

I wanted to watch for the boy. But they were a good excuse to stay in the park when he did not come. I did not want to go back home.

When I used to come home to John, I always found some party at home of sharp, amused faces and long drinks where they would try to make me talk. I resolved on gin and tonic for the boy when he came and I would not be sharp and amused but very understanding. But it did not look as if he would come and so I thought I must be forever alone. Perhaps I was destined to be alone!

The old lady laughed when Sandra began to wash. She did so love to watch animals, the dear old thing, but, feeling the small gust of air, I turned suddenly and said, "Hello. Kind of late tonight, aren't you?"

I dreamed of John that night. The boy had looked at me directly. His eyes were very blue and I had seen my face in them, but he had not answered. Perhaps I had frightened him off.

I did not see the boy for several days. But dreaming of John made me feel better, as if I had actually been with somebody I really knew, no matter how bad. In the dream John had had socks on in bed and was a bear from Yellowstone park in one part. And I had been a bear and, when he stopped and got up, we walked around among all the people as if we were two of them.

John and I had actually once gone to Yellowstone and we had had a fight there. Because he scratched me and screamed, we did not stay in the park overnight. I could not stand it. As we left, he told me to stop crying. He was then very calm. It was a shame. When I awoke I found Sandra on my chest, looking at me out of sleepy eyes.

One day I saw the boy watching us. He was standing in the sun-blinded window of a boarding house on the corner. It was a Sunday and the old couple were watching Sandra play.

He could not wave or speak. When I looked again, he had left the window.

Suddenly Sandra stopped very still as if she had heard something and then she sat watching the window where I had just seen him, and even the children playing near would not distract her.

Finally the old couple went off to the sandbox to watch the children, and, as if he had been waiting there for them to leave, the boy came out of the doorway of the boarding house and walked up to us.

"Does your cat really smile?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "Go ahead and ask her."

He called her name and asked her to smile and I knew he had been listening to us. Sandra not only smiled but walked around him purring.

I said, "Sandra, stop that. You shouldn't annoy him."

What a bold thing she was getting to be!

He seemed only a little embarrassed and I was immensely encouraged.

"Nice day," I said. "Isn't it?"

He suddenly seemed to be in another place. Perhaps I had frightened him away again. Sandra made one small sound and he had already gone.

"Goodnight," I said.

But we saw him again the next evening and Sandra washed and smiled and purred and he petted her and occasionally nodded to me. Then, after a sufficient time to get acquainted—perhaps I missed something—as if at a signal, he began to talk. Had I given some signal without knowing it?

He was on television, he said, on a muscle-building show as an example of the AFTER, and he laughed and Sandra smiled, and I smiled at him. But he felt like a prostitute being on television as there were better things for a trained person to do and it was, he admitted, pretty bad on the nerves. Sometimes he could hardly breathe.

He said he wanted Sandra to be on his television show and could work her in fine as a loveable gimmick with perhaps another sponsor. But I could not imagine Sandra with him on a muscle-building show.

"But," I said, "Sandra is a very modest girl and might be frightened."

"Modest?" he said, looking at her.

Sandra was washing herself at his feet as if no one were watching. I told her to stop and asked him if he would walk with us a bit. Perhaps he was only interested in Sandra. Or would he get frightened off again?

He said he didn't mind if he did and laughed, almost too boisterously I thought. But I already felt as if I were caught in a powerful and wonderful magnetic current of delight coming from him, and so I said, "Let's go."

And the ghost of John, who must have been there with us until then, vanished in a vibrant excitement that made me walk faster with the boy and almost see the electricity in the high-tension wires that went down the street, as if I were energized by him with an electrical polarity on his white-shirted shoulders and the worn white back-end of his jeans.

At my door I stopped and he stopped, as if he knew, and he and Sandra were smiling.

"I am going to make some drinks," I said. "Would you like to come up?" I was so frightened; I must have spoken very softly.

"What?" he asked.

"I am going upstairs to mix some drinks," I said.

He said, "Oh," rather strangely.

I thought he was refusing me, and I turned quickly away to avoid showing how hurt I was. But he spoke first. With a crooked smile on his face that I saw

as he whirled me around, he said, "You're just leaving? That's all?"

Perhaps he had misunderstood too. He fairly shouted. "Well, go on then. I thought we could be friends."

It was all too loud and boisterous.

Windows went up around us and heads leaned out and I thought he was ridiculing me. I was exposed. I ran upstairs as fast as my feet could carry me and forgot all about Sandra. People were even looking from across the park. I cannot imagine what they thought. I locked myself in my flat.

I waited for several minutes, occasionally calling Sandra, but she couldn't walk through closed doors, of course.

After a while I went down again, and Sandra was standing up at the door calling me.

I opened the door to let her in and saw the boy standing a little to the side. He seemed to be more upset than I. Sandra ran on up the stairs, but we just stood looking at each other. Finally I said, "What's the matter?"

All in a rush he said: "I am terribly sorry. I'm not on television. I was just being silly out there because I didn't know what to do. I must seem awful to you. I don't know anybody here and I am alone."

"You surely seemed to think you were on television," I said.

"I guess you won't talk to me now," he said. "You really were trying to get rid of me politely, weren't you? I wish I were sophisticated."

That sold me. I didn't feel a bit sophisticated. I don't remember opening the door wider or telling him to come in, but I do know I saw the white shirt and the fine head and, in the dimness of the stairs, the light worn spot on his jeans going up ahead of me, and I was happy.

We were two happy boys alone, in spite of all the neighbors and I would do all the things I had thought. And I was infamous after that.

I withdrew myself

From my ever-grasping hands

And yours

Which sit folded quietly

I withdrew myself

To search inside

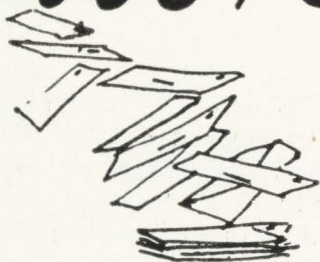
The continuous question

Instead of questioning

The eternal answer

Leslie Zeichner

Letters



FACTS VERSUS FICTION

Dear ONE:

I just picked up ONE from a newsstand and thought I would write you in praise of the article, "Secrets of the Gay Novel," by Ann Bannon (July, 1961). Miss Bannon has hit the point in question right on the head. Her experience and knowledge of the field have added much to the article. She has definitely exposed the fast sellers in the novel field.

Many trashy paperback books are published to attract the neurotic crowds. They are not geared for the average homosexual, who tries to work hard and live peaceably in his community. They appeal to the public by drawing out their desire for vice, lust and greed.

For the few bad novels, all books on homosexual love and activities are looked upon in a hard light. I enjoyed the article and hope that ONE will try a follow-up in future issues.

Mr. C.
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The issue (July, 1961) is one of the best yet. "Secrets of the Gay Novel" was very well written and informative. I also enjoyed the short-stories, "Overture," and "Two on a Beach." Could we have more short-stories? Since Gay Novels are not plentiful most of us look forward to the stories that appear in ONE. Quite often they answer our reading needs.

Mr. O'C.
Bronx, N. Y.

Dear ONEs:

Your fiction remains on the almost-impossibly-bad level much of the time. I don't suppose there's a chance you could get anything the caliber of Alfred Chester's "In Praise of Vespasian," or non-fiction of the standard of Simon Raven's article "Boys Will Be Boys" on the hustlers of London [see tangents, February, 1961]. I know the usual run of writers won't consider you because they heed, or want money; because you aren't a name; because you are of the wrong sort for a reference. At least you haven't managed to sink as low as the incredible nadir of the never-to-be-

forgotten "Trio for Two" (February, 1956). Remember that horror?

Keep up the publishing. I may not agree with everything you say, but, in the misquoted words of somebody, "I'll defend to the death your right to say it." You infuriate me often, disgust me on occasion, but you do fill a space which needs it. And, on many occasions, hamburger is fully as satisfactory as Lobster Savannah.

Mr. M.
Newark, N. J.

Editor's Note:

A survey of other readers' preferences indicates that a considerable majority would prefer meat to fish under any circumstances.

Gentlemen:

I have become habituated to looking forward to the Editorials, the book reviews and to Tangents. Now and then there has been an interesting series of Letters to the Editor, or articles lifted from news sources but, to be frank, I cannot recall one story or poem which has ever appeared in the Magazine.

The book reviews have been up and down, but have served to keep us abreast of recent publications and have been a great help in avoiding so many of the meretricious novels on which the homosexual wastes his time. Whenever Tangents has been missing ONE has seemed barren and pointless.

Are the Editors aware of the extent to which its subscribers are dependent upon the Magazine for news of the homosexual world? I do not mean some psychologist's gratuitous opinions, or the lugubrious minutiae of ONE Institute, or of the annual Mattachine Convention or, heaven forbid, of some Venereal Disease Council.

The newspapers I read are not inhibited, but homosexuals and homosexuality are taboo to such an extent that almost any trivial event will crowd news about homosexuals out. I'll cite a classic example: Several papers carried an AP dispatch telling that the British Parliament would on such and such a day debate the Wolfenden Report. Never in one of those papers, not even in TIME, did there appear one word regarding the results of the debate. It was several months later in Tangents that I learned what happened.

I am quite certain the Editors of ONE have no adequate concept of the apathy with which its subscribers regard many of the things they publish, but they do want to know what goes on in New Orleans, in Ann Arbor, in Connemara, Pershing Square, Rittenhouse Square, Union Square; whether the heat is on at Arty's, or at The Bagatelle; whether The Allegro has been permitted to reopen, or is under wraps.

They'd very much like to know which Vice Squads are under investigation for taking bribes, or for extortion, and when some judge

has repelled the intrusion of the police upon some homosexual's private life.

Mr. P.
Indianapolis, Ind.

POSTOFFICE POSTSCRIPTS

Dear Sten Russell:

Your bold Editorial (June, 1961) is a credit to you and to the Magazine. Just as I had thought, you people at ONE are in a position to discern certain trends, and you are doing your job when you view with alarm indications that are alarming.

Homosexuals are caught, almost helpless, between clashing forces. Perhaps they are acquiring a certain symbolic value as an outpost to be struck down, or saved, according to one's point of view, but I'm afraid too many people don't care what happens to them.

Edward Denison
—, Texas

Dear Mr. Lambert:

I am certainly very grateful to you for your interest and concern regarding my difficulty with the mails. I for one am glad that the Magazine has taken the stand it has in not only enlightening your homophile readers, but for calling this to the attention of the public in general. Let all who will be warned. Let us hope they will be guided accordingly.

In all probability there may be some amongst us who will disapprove or ridicule ONE's warnings, but those of us who are in the know as to what is actually going on can only say that they have been told of the true circumstances. Allowing this matter to go on unchecked will only increase its viciousness and could be far-reaching, even beyond the circle of homophiles.

There may even be some who may delude themselves by thinking, "It can't happen here." I can only say to them that they are day-dreamers for IT ALREADY IS HAPPENING HERE!

Mr. P.
—, Calif.

Dear ONE:

The enclosed clippings tell of the arrests of many men who had taken part in a pen pal club. I realize that the Club members perhaps wrote illegally, but I have never been able to understand why it is that first-class letters between people who at least know each other are any concern of the postoffice.

I can see that the indiscriminate mailing of action words or pictures could do harm but cannot see that between persons of like mind it has any effect on the public as a whole. The whole area of censorship seems open to sensible attack. I also enclose a recent Supreme

Court decision in which the plea of the claimant is so reasonable that it is horrible to read that the two lower courts had refused it.

Mr. T.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

In the few copies of your Magazine which I have seen you have asked for newspaper cuttings, and because of an expected raid I am sending you my few.

A recent incident here has shown me that we must unite and I am in the process of forming an association. I do hope that in the near future I will be able to conduct a few private meetings and that we shall be able to get through to the legislators of this country, but at first we must have private meetings.

Mr. W.
Melbourne, Australia

Dear Mr. Slater:

Having for the first time today read a copy of ONE I was most interested in the idea of pen pals. It is quite clever, as it would permit homosexuals to have that all-important constant friend to whom they could confide, turn to for sympathy and use as a wall against loneliness without the worries which come from a (geographically) closer relationship.

Why couldn't someone act as an agent to join applicants by criteria of interests and backgrounds through the mails?

Mr. C.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I feel that one of the best things that could be done would be to establish a pen pals club to assist those of us who would like to make contacts with those of like interests. I have read several letters in your Magazine from people I would enjoy writing to. Pen pals can mean a lot. I truly believe that those who discount the value of this relationship are those whose only claim to homosexuality is "going to bed" with someone.

Mr. L.
Apalachicola, Fla.

THAT CRUISE THROUGH EUROPE

Dear Friends:

We are pleased to inform you that we are planning a conference in cooperation with our friends in "Forbundet av 1948" during the stay of the Director of ONE Institute in Copenhagen. We hope at that time it will be possible to gather together all the editors of the Scandinavian homophile press.

E. Nielsen, Editor
EOS, Copenhagen

Dear Friends:

We shall indeed be happy to receive one of the officers of ONE during the forthcoming trip through Europe you have announced. We would like to present him at the "Club of Paris" for a lecture, to be followed by a question period.

**André Baudry, Editor
ARCADIE, Paris**

Dear Friends at ONE:

We look forward to seeing Mr. W. Dorr Legg and his party when they come to Zurich. The tour could spend Saturday in town and when you finally know how many there will be we might ask them around to visit the office, which might interest them.

On the other hand they could all go and spend Saturday evening at our Isola Club at Basel. This is a small, but very charming and exclusive Circle Club. There is naturally dancing, and the whole atmosphere is a very friendly one.

**Rudolf Burkhardt
DER KREIS, Zurich**

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for informing us of your proposed visit to London. Unfortunately, my husband and I are going to be abroad at that time and, as our office will be in charge of the typists, there would be little point in your troubling to call. We hope that you have an exceedingly pleasant visit to Europe as well as in England.

**Mrs. Venetia Newall
Homosexual Law Reform
Society, London**

Dear Mr. Mortensen:

We received your letter re the visit of Mr. W. Dorr Legg to Amsterdam and shall do everything to arrange meetings for him with the persons he would like to see. Mr. Bob Angelo is ill at the moment. We hope he will be better within some weeks and able to meet with Mr. Legg.

**B. Premela
C. O. C., Amsterdam**

CAP AND BELLS AKIMBO

Dear Editor:

There is no doubt whatever that without the name and properties of the Mattachine Society, the New York group would collapse at once. When the parent group [in San Francisco] set the branches free [in March, 1961] the New Yorkers felt they had built up a reputation in the city among social workers, the press, police, etc., as the Mattachine Society,

and that to take another name would mean beginning all over again.

Frankly, I am a bit bewildered. It becomes a battle of words and personality—there are some wonderful fellows here. It is tragic that some of us of good will: sincere, decent people should not make every effort to overlook small issues of disagreement.

Honestly, one does get tired of this endless parade of doctors, social workers, psychiatrists, who appear at Freedom House here, to tell us why we should be unhappy; why the world does not want us; why the Church will not accept us.

It does seem as if we had forgotten that originally we had called ourselves Gay, and that gaiety in its simplest form, the state of being merry, happy, etc., has been forgotten. I would like to see more genuine friendships made in our life. I have just returned from a vacation in Switzerland. Apparently there, as here, we make few real friends. Our discussion groups here attract the transient, the one-night-stander. We rarely meet as friends in small groups, merely to see each other over coffee and cake.

**Mr. L.
New York, N. Y.**

**Hi Bill, Don, Sten of ONE;
Al of New York;
Prescott of Boston:**

I say, the more groups the merrier, for if a person joins one of them, he will hear of the others and may join them too. Also, with the various groups organized along different lines, each group will get the type which is more interested in that particular approach and so should work better for that group.

If ONE, Mattachine and Daughters of Bilitis want the more serious types, interested in educating the public and the homophile, then they should not worry about these new groups.

**Mr. B.
Berkeley, Calif.**

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- HS 136 WRITING FOR HOMOPHILE PUBLICATION**
Techniques and special problems of writing for the homophile press in United States and Europe. Group discussions and individual consultation. Hours to be arranged
- HS 140 LIBRARY WORKSHOP**
The use and classification of scientific and literary publications on homosexuality; group discussion of the important works in the field; cataloging, indexing and bibliographical research. Conducted in ONE's Library Tuesday evenings, 8-10.
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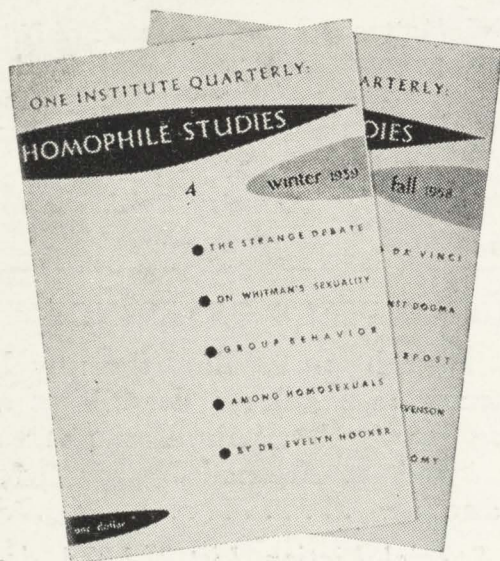
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